## RAGGED ROBIN

WRITTEN FOR THE STAR BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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your mother?-but I know you do," young Mrs. Maclyn said, smiling down into the little face cuddled against her breast.

She rose as she spoke, and moved to the steps of the plazza, but turned obediently as her mother, Mrs. Dabney, said, with good-humored impatience:

"Lizabeth, give me that precious child, and you run along to meet Billy. You needn't blush so about wanting to do ithe's been away all day long. But I can't let you take my grandson out in the dewdon't tell me it isn't falling, if the sun is half an hour high.'

Elizabeth kissed the baby before laying it in her mother's upheld arms, then went down the gravel walk, with her head high. but her eyes full of happy light. At the stile she stopped and looked back, deep content flooding her heart as the level sunshine flooded the clear space behind her.

The space had been tangled and thickly shaded when she had come home to Long shaded when she had come home to Long Meadow, a bride, eighteen months back. The big trees had crowded close about a weathered brick house, square and massive, with wide plazzas back and front, and b.g. low-celled rooms inside. It had been the very moral of unpretentions comfort, and at first Elizabeth had shared Billy's sor-

at first Elizabeth had shared Billy's solver to over its destruction by fire.
That had happened in the honeymoon.
She had insisted that Billy should spend her dowry money to replace it, rather than go in debt to builders and masons.
Eilly had been loath to do it, and had salved his pride as much as he could by making her choose everything. As a result there along a gay new structure full of

making her choose everything. As a close there stood a gay new structure full of angles and gables, with juts of unexpected toy perches. Even the front plazza was so narrow and restricted Billy never felt. at ease on it. But the oddness of it all, the unlikeness to neighborhood architecture, pleased Elizabeth and her mother. They could not in the least understand why They could not in the least understand was Billy had sighed so to see the fire-scarred trees come down, and all the old familiar shrubs uprooted to make way for grass and trim flower beds. Grass of a sort there had ben before, matted in places, tussocky in others, but not too fine for the cropping of the saddle horses, which had been free of it, in every snatch of idle time.

Out in the farthest corner there was a remnant-remainder of the old order. The

office stood there untouched, sentineled by two tall Lombardy poplars. It was a big. square frame single room, with an outside chimney and ladder-like stairs, also outside running up to the half-story upper cham-

Almost every plantation had an office given up to the young men of it and their jovial friends, who would thus come and go at all hours without in any way disturb-ing the quiet of the families. Billy had lived in the Long Meadow office, letting his cousins, the Ransoms, occupy the house, until within a month of his marriage. Now it was the only place in which he felt thor-

oughly at home.
Dimly Elizabeth understood that—and re sented it. She loved Billy dearly, but she was shy and silent, withal proud, and of a slow, enduring temper, once it was roused She had also at the bottom of her mind a sense that she must somehodw save Billy from himself. He was so easy-going, so open-handed, unless she did save him they

the best farmer in the county and owned Long Meadow free and clear. Yet her thought of him was wholly loving as she went down the long lawn to the big outer gate. It gave upon the high road, which came in through a gap in the hills rimming Long Meadow about, and crept out over a low red rise at the farther edge of the rim. Billy would come home through the gap. It was Monday and court day, so he had gone with three parts neighbors to the county town, osiorses, stories and gossip, until it was time

Billy would not swap horses today. Elizabeth smiled at the thought. He had rid-den her mare Bonnibel, having traded himself afoot, the month before. That is to say, he had swapped his riding horse, Gray Fox, for a pair of mules, sold the mules for cash, at a good price, and got a lift home in a neighbor's buggy. He had not lost—the mules had fetched \$50 more than he had asked for the horse. Still, Eliza-beth was not wholly pleased-people might think Billy was pressed for money, when really there was still \$1,000 in bank. But all she had said was that they would wait till next year for the new parlor furniture—she couldn't bear to have it said Billy had sold his saddle horse to buy it. caught Billy's whistle before she came quite to the gate. It puzzled her not hear also the rythmic beats of Bonnis feet. Instead there was a sort of olurred plodding, slow and uneven, broken little silences as though the plodder stopped short. The whistling was

Elizabeth opened the gate, stepped ough and looked down the road, then swiftly along it for a hundred yards Billy, who led painfully forward rearling colt, which hebbled on thre nade shift somehow to drag the away at the roots; moreover there were big rubbed spots on one side and on the op-Altogether the poor creature was in such evil case it was easy to rlook in the casual view its fine lines. ething which bespeaks race and class. looking more than casually, had seen all these—and built upon them. To lo it he had taken a risk—he had known first it would not be easy to pacence for a full minute, a question in her, saving with an anxious smile "Beth, honey-don't quite kill me. Lem'me tell you about this Ragged Robin first."

"Ragged Robin! That's a good name-but crow's meat fits better," Elizabeth blazed out—then her eyes narrowing: "Where is—Bonnibel? You surely never?

"But I did! Just that," Billy interrupted, standing a thought straighter. "Listen, Elizabeth, it was this way: Bentley, at the livery stable, was shipping saddle horses today. He had a carload, lacking one, and put at me to sell him Bonny. But I wouldn't, not even though he offered me seven hundred for her-just what he'd get for her up in New York-he was so anxlous to fill his car and please the ferlow at the other end. But I went with him to the depot, and what should we had there but a stock train full of Grassland orlings, side-tracked to exercise the ingsters a bit—and in it—this fellow," nodding toward the lame coit, "hurt, and down, and pretty badly used up—and him the very king pin of the lot when they

sire's a Derby winner, so is his grandsire, and most of the rest. Ain't such breeding anywhere outside the Gravesend paddocks! Think of those oafs of grooms, let-ting him get down, and stay down! It ade me 'most sick to look at him-Billy had forgotten the tension of the moment-his horseman's enthusiasm had swept him away from it. Elizabeth gave a

quick, impatient sigh, and said: "You needn't go any further. Of course you traded Bonnibel for-"
"Why, honey—not quite—but I did tet Bent-ley have her—and put the price in the colt," Billy said gently. "And it's going to turn out a fortune for you, little girl. Before I traded I looked him over—he's hurt, but not past cure. You know what I can do with a colt-and I'll work with him as I never did with another. In two years at most—"
"In two weeks the creature will be dead. At least I hope so." Elizabeth interrupted. her cheeks blazing, sparks at the bottom the reins clutched in his tiny hands. of her eyes. I hate the sight of him," she hurried on recklessly. Why shouldn't 1? He has shown me what my husband is."

Elizabeth ought to have been warned by but she was past warning. By proving that he is bent on spending.

"Baby, do you want to go walking with | and turned her about, so she might not see his face. He felt himself going dead white —for half a breath the world had reeled before him. fore him. "You better go back to the house, lady," he said, his voice breaking the least bit at the pet name.

As she ran from him he dropped his head against the colt's neck, and stood for a second shaking with ague. But even before he heard the gate shut behind Elizabeth he was leading the luckless beast toward it. It was a slow and painful process-so slow; dusk was falling before he had the animal safely harbored in the small paddock, with plentiful rations of sweet healing grass

After the bars were up and fastened he stood by them a long time, his chin on his folded arms, staring into the thick-ening darkness. He had to think-to decide, where decision came hard. He was not angry with Elizabeth, only immeasurably hurt. She had taunted him as her despoiler—he could not deny that he deserved it He must punish himself; that was the only way out of it. He ought to served it He must punish himself; that was the only way out of it. He ought to have understood, to have known, better. It was not worth while to plead that in his own mind there had been no separation of interests; that he had felt whatever he had belonged absolutely to Elizabeth, and therefore had had less scruple laughter—he had run to his grandmother for a wild frolic.

Through sentiment Mrs. Dabney wore her husband's watch—gold, heavy and old fashioned, with a key pendent from the short chain. To snatch at the chain and drag away the watch was among Dabney's favorite tricks. Today as he caught the key it came off in his hand—the ring had

coming in April to see Robin, and Robin must surely be fit and ready.

Trained and in the pink of condition he would be worth a price. Billy's heart leaped as he thought of paying Elizabeth-of again feeling himself in the master's place. Elizabeth had shown no signs of relenting—but that was her way—she would die rather than speak first. When he had paid his debt he would ask pardon so humbly, so tenderly, she could not but forgive. Yet until the debt was paid he could de nothing save keen to his own conditions. do nothing save keep to his own conditions. He had found them cruelly hard, but was not the sort to whine over anything of his own doing.

own doing.

So time ran on to the bright April afternoon when Bentley was to fetch out the racing commissioner. Billy was in wait for them upon the lawn, with the big gate hospitably open, and Ragged Robin, saddled and bridled, at ease beside him in the waxing sunshine. He had planned with horseman's craft, first to show the colt in action—then strip him and let the commissioner judge of conformation and commissioner judge of conformation and condition. Between hope and fear—the joy of winning out, the dread of losing his pet and playfellow, he was tremulous all through. It did not soothe him to glance toward the house-time had softened the gay colors of it and made it more home-like. Elizabeth sat on the plazza with her mother at her elbow and Dabney playing about their knees. He was a rogue in his play-delighting to snatch and hide things. Especially from his grandmother—whose

play—delighting to snatch and fide things.

Especially from his grandmother—whose world began and ended in him.

He had had his ride on Robin—the last Billy thought. "Kiss the star," he had said, holding the child so it might lay lips to Robin's forehead. That was at the stile—in full view of the two women. Billy wonload a little that they had not cried stile—in full view of the two women. Billy wondered a little that they had not cried out against the risk. "But they know I know—and it's all the way there is to teach a boy about horses," he had said to himself mentally as he led Robin away. As he walked he heard Dabney's gurgling laughter—he had run to his grandmother for a wild frolic.



"We'll Save Him-Robin and I," He Called, as He Went Off at Full Run.

against the use of what she had brought Presently, with a long sigh, he turned and walked toward the house. As he came to the yard gate he found Elizabeth in

"Supper has been ready half an hour," Billy turned away his eyes as he answered: "I'm sorry you waited—I don't want any. But I do want a mighty early breakfast. Tell Maria, please, to send it to me, down at the office. You were

it to me, down at the omce. Tou were right, honey—I am no sort of man at all. But this I can do, and I will. That is, not set foot in your house until I've paid you Before the last word Billy was in the set foot in your house until I've paid you the money it cost. After that—why, I'll come in if you ask me."
"Just as you please." Elizabeth said, going away high-headed. But that night, and for many nights after, she sobbed herself

If Ragged Robin had been Billy's curse, he was also, after a sort, his blessing, Care with him, filled up time otherwise intolergan to thrive; in a month he was able to stand on four feet, and nip Bidy's sleeve, or even his hat, as saucily as you please, main hurt was to the off-hough-there had been a fearful strain, but Billy soon decided no tearing of ligaments, nor rupture of tendons. Rest, care and growth would make the creature whole and sound. That it would also make him a racer of degree Billy could not let himself doubt. After he had paid to Elizabeth the money the colt had cost he had little more than the place, the stock on it, Ragged Robin and himself. The place took a lot of keeping up-it was big and fertile only in spots. Then the family must live as be-fitted the Maclyn name—there must be no stint in anything, least of all in overflow-ing hospitality. That meant that income and outgoes would balance fairly. When they thus balance a man needs some speclal windfall if he is to pay a debt of five

The house had cost it. Billy had never The sensation irked him so he was tempted Elizabeth. But when he looked at his boy he could not do it. It was a sort of family superstition to pass down Long Meadow a mortgage always made so much talkand it was hard enough without to keep people from suspecting the break. He could not have Elizabeth talked about, Ragged Robin could really help him out he must go this way to the end. So he looked after the colt with all his

horseman's art, fed and tended him and triumph. Not a blotch showed upon the glossy coat, the mane had grown again, the tail was a silken plume. There were bunches of elastic muscle underneath the satin skin, withal such fire and spirit in the and bulldog grit

made no mistake. He was as sure that he must wait another year to prove it. The hough was free of all stiffness, but still the muscles and tendons lacked something of matching those in the sound leg. They must fill and play freely to the least fiber before it would be safe to think of training. Billy was at once glad and sorry of it He had come to love Ragged Robin next to Elizabeth and Dabney, his small son. It was his supreme delight upon Sundays and his sparse holidays to set the child upon the colt's back and, holding him there, walk beside the pair all about the lawn or the paddock. It was a proud day for all three when Robin, duly bitted and saddled, first carried the little lad alone, Dabney sat very straight, if his fat legs did come little more than over the saddle edge, crowing with delight as he flipped could just fairly run about and lisp his name and Robin's, but Billy knew Robin too well to be afrald.

Robin throve wonderfully all the year Billy himself was astonished to see the horse he was making. Shortly after the new year came in he took the colt up for

worn so thin even he had strength to break it. Instantly he crammed the key in his mouth, laughing gleefully. Mrs. Dabney thrust her fingers between the red lips to recover the key, but drew them away, saying: "Oh! you mischief! To bite

poor grandma-but, look, Elizabeth! the child's choking!" Dabney, indeed, had begun to gasp and strangle. Elizabeth caught him up, shook him vigorously, then as she heard his hoarse quickening breath, darted to where Billy stood beside Ragged Robin, saying in

saddle. "Don't cry, dear-we'll save him-Robin and I," he called over his shoulder, as he went off at full run. Dr. Crayshaw lived almost three miles down the road— Robin must run those three miles as a racer runs on the course, if Dabney was to get help in time.

Already the little head lay weakly against Billy's heaving breast. Billy leaned forward, calling low and clear to the

boy-for Dabney. Save him. No matter about-us." He was spare and light, still tall enough to make his weight no feather. Moreover the start had been standing and in cold blood-Robin had had no chance to warm and supple his mighty muscles, or expand his splendid chest.

But oh! How he ran! His head low, hi neck extended, nostrils wide, ears flat against the neck. Billy held him lightlybarely enough to save him in case of a stumble. It made his heart leap to feel the stretching stride lengthen, quicken as they swept down, down the long red road. All the inherited aptitudes of a hundred winners had come to Robin's help in this race with death. He was doing for himself all that human wisdom might have ordered -and doing it as became a thoroughbred, for love. Billy had no spur, neither a whip-but he knew that made no difference -Robin had never felt either. He leaned forward, shielding his precious burden from the rushing air of their mad progress, scanning narrowly the long, long way, what time he could take his eyes from the

child's agonized face.
At first the little fellow had moaned weakly. Now there were only scant and fitful gasps. But two miles were behind-and Robin was running stronger, freer inconceivable-yet here alone, unmatched. overweighted, he was doing a pace to win anything.

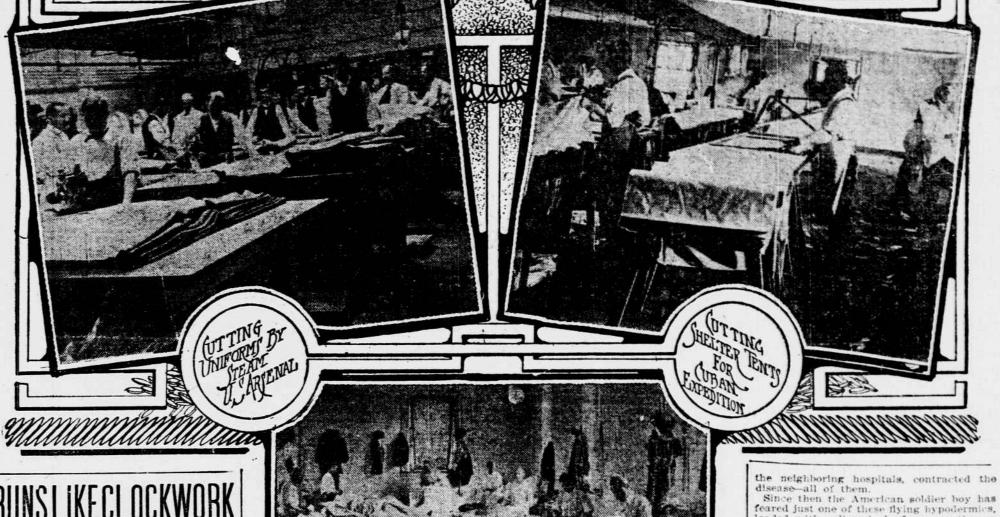
Billy kept repeating: "Run, lad! For Dabney!" At least his heart spoke the words-if his lips formed them the wind drowned them. Now they were within half a mile of the goal-the Crayshaw house and had an avenue of trees running up to it. But there was a short cut, cross fields, if one could pass the fence. Billy knew of it—in ten seconds they would come to it—he checked Billy lightly, half turned his head, lifted him and set him straight at the stone wall.

Robin went over like a bird, staggered the least bit in the plough land beyond, won in two strides to the beaten cart track that was like a course, and devoured it with long reaching strides. Racer-like he lay down to his work, stretching, straining you see, was notoriously unpractical, withal till he was almost flat against the earth; soft-hearted. Owing Robin so much, he racer-like he came up quick and quicker, stretching, gathering, all the while gaining somewhat of the inch of time that meant salvation for the child. It was not till the very last that he faltered-Billy felt it and groaned-but dared not turn his head. They were at the yard gate-with the doctor in wait the other side of it, ready to take Dabney from his father's

arms.
"In time—by half a minute. Just time." the doctor said a quarter of an hour later, as he saw Dabney's eyes open, and his fluttering breath strengthen. Billy was kneeling beside the child, chaf-ing one little hand. He got up, his face working, and said huskily: "Doctor-wy you take him?-think about his mother! Robin and I will go home at a slow gait."

The doctor nodded—he was a kindly man, and wise. Also far seeing, and not given wasting, making away with, everything of mine," she cried. "My money first, then my mare—in ten years I shall be lucky if I have clothes to cover me."

Billy took her gently by the shoulders are considered a rich owner's commissioner—the man was the considered a rich owner's commissioner—the man was the considered a rich owner's commissioner—the man was the considered and my mare—in ten years I shall be lucky if I hard, saying, "Son, and her wasting, and wise. Also tall everything of training. Hope was high within him. He to gossip. He had sensed how matters treat—an opportunity to become acquaint-long meadow—at least enough to gossip. He had sensed how matters treat—an opportunity to become acquaint-long meadow—at least enough to got modern art more virile is at his best. Side by side with them and of equal merit must be considered a third with joy in Billy's eyes. He caught Billy's hand, and wrung it hard, saying, "Son, side of the sea. The collection which will subtlety and refinement of feeling, shows to go the with a school of modern art more virile is at his best. Side by side with them and opportunity to become acquaint-long with such subjects alone that the painter to go the with a school of modern art more virile is at his best. Side by side with them and opportunity to become acquaint-long with such subjects alone that the painter with such subjects alone that the painter is at his best. Side by side with them and opportunity to become acquaint-long with such subjects alone that the painter with such subjects alone that the painter is at his best. Side by side with them and opportunity to become acquaint-long with such subjects alone that the painter with such subjects alone that the painter is at his best. Side by side with them and opportunity to become acquaint-long with such subj



Cuban Expedition Tests Our War Machinery.

SET IN MOTION BY WIRELESS

President From Mayflower Directed First Operations.

RECORD SPEED IN MOBILIZING

War Inventions Put to Proof—Supply Departments Do Some Rapid Buying-Yellowjack Precautions.

(Copyright, 1906, by John Elfreth Watkins.) If it accomplish nothing else, this Cuban imbroglio will have demonstrated the perfection to which our whole war machinery has been brought since our brush with Spain, some eight years ago.

Things have so fallen in this present affair as to make a practical test of our every important war resource. When Taft's call for troops came the President was returning to Oyster Bay on his official yacht Mayflower, off the New England coast. A few years ago this circumstance would have rendered the commander-in-chief of northern coast. High up on her mast the Mayflower's receiver caught the electric throb. Then out through the night her wireless transmitter flashed the command: "Arrange for 6,000 troops to start for Cuba as soon as possible!"

Cuba as soon as possible:
The naval wireless station at Newport caught the message, and, transferring it to the wire sped it Washingtonward machinery which the President started in motion when he thus touched the electric button from out to sea commenced from that moment to turn, cog upon cog, throughout the country, fro: the Pacific to

Arrangements had been made in advance with the great commercial telegraph companies for the quick handling of messages and dispatches, not only with Cuba, but with the army posts scattered throughout

the United States. Wonderful Record of Mobilization. Within ten minutes after the final wireless order came from the Mayflower the telegraph wires were flashing commands to

army posts in all parts of the land. These telegraphic orders had all been prepared and signed in advance, and were upon the desk of Major General Ainsworth, the military secretary, who was merely holding them until receiving the supreme command from the President. This stack of tele-grams commenced the mobilization at Newport News, of the 5,600 troops forming the "first expedition" to Cuba. Immediately nine army posts were in a hurried state of packing up and bidding farewell. "Still" trains were in readiness at the terminus "Lad-it may kill you-but it's for the nearest every army post. Two battalions

backs, their canteens filled, their guns upon shoulders, each company increased to sixty-five men. Although the President's command had not been received over the wireless until 10:55 p.m., before the night had passed troop trains had moved from these nine widely scattered sections of the country, and before the sun had risen the first expedition was moving post haste upon Newport News, the focus of mobilization, whence they were to embark for the Pearl of the Antilles. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers were hastening from New England and the Pacific. Here were pack trains from Fort Sheridan and mountain artillery from far Vancouver barracks, in the state of Washington, or Signal Corps or Hospital Corps men from other quarters of the land. And all of that Saturday night the officials and clerks of our two great war offices were at work starting in motion the vast and complicated machinery which put large parts of our army and navy on a war footing.

Spliging Tenty For Ciba

Establishing Base of Supplies.

At Newport News 200 acres of land on the river bluffs above the city were leased from a land company as a site for a milltary base of supplies for the mobilizing this point of concentration.

tary establishments were now on a war basis. Every office was humming with activity, and weary clerks, who had not worked on Sunday since the affair with Spain, remained at their desks after Sunday morning had dawned.

In the great supply departments of the

fighting establishments things went off like clockwork. The great New York depot of the commissary department was abuzz all Saturday night and all day Sunday, stocking the transport Sumner-which, from New York, was to dart out ahead of the first expedition-with more than 200 tons of regular rations, also 100 tons of sale stores-canned milk, canned fruit, chewing and smoking tobacco.

The quartermaster general was fully prepared. He at once signed contracts with owners of a fleet of thirteen merchant vessels to be dispatched to Newport News for the moving of the army from there to Cuba. Some of these vessels had been originally constructed to meet government requirements in time of war and little had to be done toward converting them into trans-

Record-Breaking Purchase of Supplies A deal for the purchase of over 1,500 animals-located through an emergency card of three days before-was at once closed by the commissary general by wire, in less time than the average farmer would expend in swapping hogs with a neighbor. This transaction involved 350 cavalry horses, 500 other riding horses, 400 draft mules, 220 tary conditions, but in a room to which pack mules and 100 riding mules. Bids were

from each of the regiments selected filed also asked for additional horses and muses aboard in order, their blankets on their to be delivered within fifteen days. to be delivered within fifteen days.

The great arsenals were far busier than at any time since the Spanish-American war. Lines of sewing women surged about the counters delivering the uniforms upon which they had been working, extra forces of mechanics and clerks boxed and checked off thirty days' supplies for 5,600 men, in-

cluding, for each company, tents and cots. The commissary general was also ready. He knew that every army, like every worm, travels on its belly. While many a good housewife in the land was yet bickering over the price of a quart of beans he had purchased by wire enough food for 171,000 rations; and a ration is not one meal, but three-enough food to keep the sold'er boy's stomach full for a whole day running These 513,000 square meals are to last this first expedition only a month, and preparations are being made for two equal ship ments to follow at an early date.

With this regular 'grub' went 15,000 emergency rations, each a twenty-ounce sealed can, containing enough condensed food to supply for a whose day all of the wants of a man who has been cut off from his fellow-fighters, or who is upon a long. forced march, away from the base of sup

Ahead of these supplies was hastened to less cookers," were shipped for use in the preparation of food, bith on the transports and after the forces arrived in Cuba, that there might be a supreme test of the apparatus under service conditions.

Head Nets to Keep Off Mosquitoes. The only foe which the departing expedition contemplated with any degree of fear was "yellow jack." After the thorough housecleaning which General Leonard Wood gave the island this enemy remained away for several years; but in the very face of the President's call for this expedition came the report of seven cases of the dread fever, all new within the week. So a full supply of mosquito bars and "head nets" for all troops was ordered.

Thus each soldier will sleep under the cover of mosquito netting, arranged somewhat after the fashion of that which protected the beds of his ancestors, and when he goes abroad in mosquito-ridden communities he must put on his insect mask. The experiment made in Cuba by its late Surgeon Walter Reed has convinced our army that the mosquito is the only medium of spreading the germs of yellow fever. Dr. Reed placed a body of soldiers in a house completely screened from mosquitoes and required them to sleep in the bedclothing of yellow fever patients lying in the nearby hospitals. These soldiers. screened from the mosquitoes, failed to contract the disease. Another body of men sleeping under the cleanest and most saniwere admitted yellow fever mosquitoes from

loaded with yellow jack, far more than a whole company of ragged Cuban guerrillas. Equipment necessary to a hospital for each regiment, also to two full field hospitals, went with this first expedition. For the marines alone there were shapped calrtysix water sterilizers, as a protection against

For the Signal Corps there was also sent a full supply of military telegraph and telephone apparatus, cable, wig-wag flags, heliographs, and a complete wireless outlit, to be subjected to its first practical test under field conditions. This paraphernalia is to constitute the nervous system of the army in the field, and is all-important. Also for the marines was sent complete field telephone outfits.

To the big army arsenals at Frankfort, Springfield and Rock Island the chief of ordnance, as soon as mobilization was called for, wired rush orders for the rushing of ammunition and arms to Newport News-enough small arm ammunition to enable each man to carry 200 rounds with him, stuck in his cartridge belt. One extra rifle for every ten men was also shipped. And these small arms are every one of them the new magazine rifles, with which the army is already fully equipped. Every soldier on the Island will also carry the new "sword bayonet," adopted by the army after our military observers traveling with the Japanese forces had reported upon the latter's effective use of it in their war with Russia. While answering the full require-ments of the old bayonet, this new weapon serves the soldier as a sword when he is placed in a position where he must defend

himself by hand-to-hand fighting.

A machine gun was ordered for each regiment, and in addition there were dispatched to Newport News two batteries of mountain artillery. This large quota of machine guns shows that a great deal of fighting in the brush is anticipated should the insurgents prove hostile. With these machine guns nothing but shrapnel will be used, however. The mountain artillery bat-teries are intended for use in the wooded

Landing the Marines.

the army and navy utterly out of touch with public affairs. But no sooner was Secretary Taft's dispatch received by cable at Washington than it was repeated to the navy's chain of wireless stations lining the navy has navy has a chief commissary, with a large force of clerks, to see that th retary Taft had nearly 5,000 marines and bluejackets, ready to land when he should proclaim himself governor. As soon as he had thus assumed authority the ships' boats filled with marines were towed from the warships to the wharves in strings of three and four by the launches. To facilitate the landing of this force a long line of street cars and freight cars were run directly out upon the long pier where the landing was made. As the marines filed into the street cars their tents. Colt guns and other supplies were placed in the freight cars; and as each car was filled it was started

for "Camp Columbia," the space selected by Gen. Funston for the American forces. Our marines, in their training, are given the combined functions of infantry, signal men, engineers and light artillery. their rapid fire guns, weighing forty pounds each, can, together with its tripod, be carried by a mounted marine in a boat at his side. It discharges each minute 600 army shells arranged on a belt which feeds the chamber. The marine is always the first Yankee fighting man to land in a foreign When hard pressed by superior forces he depends for reinforcement upon his colleague, Jack Tar, who is as scrupulously drilled in the small arms manual and in the use of portable shore artillery. A part of Jack Tar's discipline is the "street riot drill," effective in putting down disorders such as the insurgents might create in the Cuban towns.

In short, the perfect co-ordination of our entire body military is the great lesson to be learned from this Cuban intervention JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

don't give up-not yet. Even if he has broken down, Robin is worth a lot-we can't showed he could run today."

Billy returned the grip in silence, then went out to where Robin stood—a woeful Robin, no longer gallantly highheaded, but drooping, and hobbling painfully on three legs, as when he had first come to Long Meadow. Billy knew what had done the mischief-it was the leap-the strain of it. and that last stretching run. But with-out them Dabney would be dead. Surely his own bondage all the rest of his days was not too much to pay for the boy. Silently he took Robin's halter-compassionate hands had already unsaddled him, and bathed his hurt-and started homeward, plodding laggardly, and never daring to look into Robin's eyes. He rested often along the way-willfully-he wanted Elizabeth to be quite herself before they -perhaps they might come to some undering her now, without incumbering the place, She would hardly agree to that, for the boy's sake-but he must do somethingwhat, he was not quite sure. The sun was low and level when he came at last to the home gate. As before Eliza-beth ran through it to meet him-but this

time she did not stop to look at him. In-stead she flung herself at Ragged Robin, clasping his neck with both arms, and sobbing out through a rain of tears: "Robin! Robin!! I've hated you—and you a mile of the goal-the Crayshaw house saved my boy. Now-give me back my-showing white across green distances of dear husband!" "You aint never lost him, lady," Billy said, letting his hand fall lightly upon her

shoulder. She nestled against him but still

clung to Robin, saying between sobs: -you-shall-stay here-all your life. And nobody shall ever hurt you-again." She stood to that obstinately, although Bentley and the rich man's commissioner tried hard to move her. Ragged Robin was wanted at Grasslands-wanted badly, although he would never race-hardly even ever run again. And Billy was quite con-tent that she should have her will. Billy, wanted to pay part of it with a long life of ease and happy comraderie.

## ART NOTES.

The fact that the Corcoran Gallery of Art has successfully consummated its negotiations for the exhibit of contemporary German paintings, which is to be brought ing season, is a matter of general congratulation. Not only does this again bring the Corcoran Gallery in line with the foremost art institutions in this country, but promises to Washingtonians a rare

constitute this exhibit has been got tobroken down, Robin is worth a lot—we can't gether by Dr. Charles M. Kurtz, director prize too highly blood that can run as he of the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, who, it will be remembered, in like manner brought to this country the collection of paintings by men of the Glasgow school which made a circuit of the same description last winter. Giving his entire summer to the enterprise, he spared apparently no pains to attain his ends—to procure not only those canvases which were best but o most representative.
"Rarely, if ever before, has there beer

afforded such an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with contemporary German painting as during the present year," Dr. Kurtz writes in "Academy year," Dr. Kurtz writes in "Academy Notes," of which he is the editor. "There have been important exhibitions in almost every German city of prominence, besides the great exposition of German art in Cologne, the exhibition of 'A Hundred Years of German Painting' in Berlin, and the 'Bavarian Jubilee Exposition' in Nuremburg. At London, also, there were two exhibitions of German painting." From all these exhibitions and from the studios of certain artists Dr. Kurtz selected and invited works for the exhibition to be held in America. At each of the exhibitions visited he made a careful record of the works considered desir-able; finally these were compared and as well as of the Corcoran school, and has culled and the permanent list made out. The endeavor was to get the cream of each exhibition and to form a better col-lection than any one of the single annual she spent several months in Madrid, and exhibits from which works were chosen. In her studio now is a series of copies In almost every case, Dr. Kurtz says, the which she made in the great gallery there artist or owner readily consented to loan the picture or pictures specifically asked for.

of Velasquez's paintings. She is at present engaged upon a number of portraits. Miss Kirkup is principally a landscape painter—

in the Corcoran building, and as the recounty, Va., has added some valuable data the northern woods. to his store and a number of noteworthy canvases to the sum total of his product. One of the pictures which Mr. Weyl painted this summer is a view of Virginia lowlands broken in the foreground by a bit of water, left by a long rain or a retreating stream, and, in the middle distance, to the ieft, by a wall of trees. It is late afternoon, and the clouds which drift across the sky are faintly tinted. Beneath them the sun plays hide-and-seek, and across the landscape, in agreeable variation, lie stripes of bright sunshine and no less grateful shade. It is a simple composition and yet a picture which cannot fail to charm, white devotes herself almost exclusively so significant is it, so pleasing in color and tone. Another recent canvas, no less German paintings, which is to be brought and tone. Another recent canvas, no less for which she has peculiar and marked from abroad and shown in the several attractive, represents with great force and ability. All summer she has worked at the large American cities during the approach- directness a brown clump of trees on an Zoological Park, and now for the furthermarks the sky line while the foot, slop-ing abruptly, lies in darkening shadow. Never perhaps has Mr. Weyl produced a stronger painting than this or one more distinctly individual. And yet it is not with such subjects alone that the painter Arts.

Mr. Max Weyl has reopened his studio

a grove of saplings clothed in all the loveliness of early spring.

There are quite a number of interesting Mr. Richard N. Brooke, the president of the Society of Washington Artists; some sheep pictures by Mr. R. Le Grand Johnston, and a view near Rockville painted by Mr. Carl Gutherz. The first formal exit is understood, be composed of modern Dutch paintings.

Miss Berta M. Hanson and Miss Mary A. Kirkup have taken studios together on the first floor of the Lenman building, where, it has been announced, they propose opening a private art school this autumn - one conducted after European methods, in which, however, the study of design shall be given a prominent place. had the honor of being one of the few American girls admitted to the Ecole des a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute. She too studied abroad, and her work from time to time has appeared in the local exhibitions. She has brought back with in the Corcoran building, and as the re-sult of a vacation trip to King George in water color from her summer outing in

On the sixth floor of the Lenman building, where Mr. Powell and Mr. Johnston have long been domiciled, and where Mr. Walter King Stone once occupied a studio, Miss Loretta Lowenstein, Miss Constance White and Mrs. Anna B. Sloane have now found quarters. Miss Lowenstein gives her attention chiefly to illustrative work. along this line some excellent things which to the pictorial representation of animals study of anatomy. Mrs. Sloane is a native of Sweden, a graduate of the Decorative

still in Warren, Pa. He writes that h has been fortunate enough to secure an ex-cellent town studio, and found the weather favorable, moreover, for outdoor work He has made quite a number of studies and sketches in the vicinity of Warren.

Work in the academic classes of the Corcoran School has begun most auspiclously this year. The pupils have rehibition to be held in these galleries will, turned promptly and got to work seriously at once. There have been more applicants for admission than commonly, in spite of the more stringent regulations; and the general average seems already to have been raised. An exhibition of summer work is scheduled for the first week in November, and to this all are looking forward with much interest.

> Miss Grace E. Atwater, the Water Color Club's secretary, is in Quebec at present, where she is finding a superabundance of delightfully paintable material. She, too, will in all probability not reach Washington until the latter part of the month.

The Rembrandt exhibition, consisting of original etchings and engraved reproductions of paintings by the great Dutch master, is still attracting much attention at the Library of Congress. There has been no change in the print division's exhibits for some weeks, but new ones are now in preparation. There will, in the near future, be an exhibit of Arundel prints which will doubtless prove popular, and also one of early Italian engravings which both to connoisseurs and students will be

The Art Institute of Chicago opens its nineteenth annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture next Friday, and continues it until November 29. The Art Club of Philadelphia follows closely with its eighteenth annual, which will be held from November 19 to December 16, and meanwhile the New York Water Club comes forward with its seventeenth annual opening in the Fine Arts Gallerles on November 10 and closing on December 2.

of rare interest.

The National Society of Craftsmen, of recent organization, will hold an exhibition the early part of December in the National Arts Club's new home, on Gramercy Square, which, it is understood, is to be opened formally next month with a loan exhibition of American paintings. Surely LEILA MECHLIN.